something like it. But surely, if there was anything of the rose about Miss Rhody, it was a faded, a pressed and withered one And yet a certain hint of the sweetness of the rose always hung about her, perhaps and if yo' don't take your death of spiritualized, but none the less sweet. The children recognized it, for it was Miss Rhody who put the buttered brown paper on their bruises and consoled them for their bumps, now with an apple when no one else had apples-for Miss Rhody's few trees always bore on the cff year-and now with a shining square of loaf sugar from the great cone wrapped in purple paper which seemed to them a part of the wonders of the outlandish countries on the other side of the world where people walked head down as the flies do on the ceiling. And now and then she consoled one of the tenderest and dearest with a kiss instead, which the little thing endured for the sake of the cuddling on the soft shoulder, the agreeableness of the half-guessed scent of dried roses that she was never without, and down the other side of the world where people walked head down as the flies do on the ceiling. And you don't really feel concerned about his being safe?"

"Well, you are soft, Rhody! For my part, give Will a stick and a string and I'd trust him against any storm that blows."

Rhody looked at her admiringly. "You're fee' the wife for him, ain't you, Ann?" she said, sweetly. "If I was a sailor's wife I springing from the eaves into a treetop, the outlandish countries on the other side the doll-baby rags that came afterward. And the young girls recognized it, for it was to Miss Rhody they came with the weighty confidences of their hopes and their griefs and hesitations, their gushes and blushes, and it was from her that they had the excellent advice which they never followed. The mothers recognized it, for it was not only that Miss Rhody came to them in their illnesses and the illnesses of their children, nor that she brought them the bunch of peonies for the parlor pitcher, but she seemed to have an insight into experiences which she had never shared, an gave them silent sympathy at unexpected moments when they would have been the last to confess they needed it. And the old people recognized it, too; but, loth to say, not altogether with the same friendliness of feeling toward it; for it was Miss Rhody who so long had dressed their dear ones for the last long rest that they knew she was the one likely to perform that office for themselves, and that flower-like sweetness of hers had to them something of the qual-ity of the flowers blossoming on graves. There was only one person on all the shore really indifferent to this poor charm of Miss Rhody's, and that was Will Mather, who never perceived any charm at all about her, and who looked on her with a good-natured indulgence as he would have looked on Ann Mather's canary had have looked on Ann Mather's canary had it escaped and come across his way, and who never thought of her when he did not see her. Her pale, thin personality was such a colorless thing beside that of her cousin Ann, the black-eyed, red-cheeked beauty, or even beside the tender, smiling loveliness of the pretty Sally, whom Tom Brier would have died for, and whom Humphrey Lavendar had made his own. She was, in fact, to Will Mather only like the shadow of some one else, and Will Mather was the only one whose feeling in regard to herself had any vital significance to Miss Rhody.

nificance to Miss Rhody.

Every time that he came home from a voyage, more bluff and burly and trumpet-toned than before, all the suggestions of the romance of the deep seas gathered about him in her fancy, and the whole outside foreign world came with him. He was the hero of wild wrestles with wind and weather; what dangers of night and storm had threstened him; what triand storm had threatened him; what triever he ran away to sea; always an ideal always a being of adventure. It might have seemed to another that she wavered have seemed to another that she wavered a little in her allegiance when Humphrey Lavendar took the hand of his crazy home, and Rhody ran and took her other hand, sharing with Humphrey the shame and pain of the thing he was one day to inherit. But it was nothing of the sort. Humphrey was some one in distress, and she went to him just as she went to the hurt creature, out of the abundance of her heart's tenderness. But as for Will, he would never be one of those in any dis-tress, for even before she was a dozen years old she had felt all that was potent and fortunate, and that captivated all the girls in town, in his strong and reckless nature, even before he climbed the outside of the meeting house steeple to rescue a parrot that had taken a flight of fancy to the vane and had hurt its wing and feared to try its fate downward. To be sure, he was thrashed for it. "And de-served it," said Will; "but I had the

"I'll teach you to frighten your mother again, you ship's monkey," cried his father. But Will saw the twinkle in his father's eye, for all the blows, and knew there was a bubbling pride over the boy's achievement in the old sailor's heart. "A chip of the old block," the father was muttering to himself as he put up the strap, and that in spite of the fact that he had been heard to say that he would rather

been heard to say that he would rather the boy died young than live to follow his father's path in blue water. But nothing of that mattered to Rhody and to the little public, to Ann and Flora and Humphrey, to Sally and Tom Brier and Joy Hodge and the rest of them, to whom the thrashing was an affair of every day, but the climbing set their nerves to thrilling and their blood to spinning. They thriling and their blood to spinning. They held council among themselves, and knew that sconer or later it was decreed in fate that Will Mather would run away to sea. And he was as good as their word. To sea he went, and when he came back breezy and brown and rolling in his gait, he could have had any girl on the shore for the have had any girl on the shore for the asking—except Sally. It is hardly any sacrifice of her maiden modesty to say he could have had Rhody; although I do not know but the asking would have surprised her out of the possibility, for she did not look on him as girls look upon a lover, but as a subject looks upon a king, as a slave upon a master; he was the hero of the long. unwritten romance she was spelling out and reading every hour. But Will Mather hardly knew that poor Rhody existed, other than as part of the dim outlines and phantasmagoria that fill up the background of all people's memories. Her cousin Ann's rich color, her flashing eyes and sparkling teeth, her ringing laugh and gay spirit, all that, indeed, filled up the foreground of Will's fancy, and when he took ship again it was with Ann's promise that she would be his wife when he should ship first mate. What Will wanted to go to sea for when he could stay at home and be happy with her. Ann could never imagine; but Rhody understood it all. She, too, without being a poet, knew the tune Will Mather's heart was beating.

God help me, save I take a narr Of danger on the roaring sea, A devil rises in my heart Far worse than any death to me

and her thoughts followed him all along the wide sea ways and into storms and into the wide sea ways and into storms and into calms and into strange ports of the orient. "Oh, Ann." she would say, running in at the close of a lowering day, or when such a tempest of rain and sleet was beating that no one who could stay at home ventured abroad. "I thought I'd jes' step over; you must be so sort of dismal. But you know it ain't blowing any such way as this down on the other side of the globe."

"Well, Rhody, you must think! As if I didn't know that!" was the reply, with a toss of the sleek black head.
"I suppose." Rhody continued. "the sun's "I suppose," Rhody continued, "the sun's

Where who is? Oh, Will!? I do' know

I'm sure."

"Why, Ann, do you mean to say you don't feel all sorter worked up with the wind roaring down chimbly like this, and you hear the pounding of the big waves roiling in acrost the bar? I know better. I know how hard it seems, an' I made shift to run over, because I guessed your heart was in your throat every time the wind put its great shoulder to the house."

"My gracious! Then you'd better make shift to run beck." racious! Then you'd better make run back. The idea! In this

Rhoda, the elder said, meant a rose, or weather! And I'll be bound you ain't any

"As if rubbers-'You're allus so in the clouds, Rhody that you don't know where you set you feet, an' both of 'em hev ben in a puddle You bester go home an' go to bed an' drink a hot towl of thoroughwort tea."
"Ch, I'll jes' toast 'em by the fire here. You allus do hev a good fire, Ann. I hope Will's got as good a one wherever he is."
"What in the world does Will want with a fire down under the equator?"

a fire down under the equator?"
"Do you suppose that's where he is?"
said Rhody, wistfully, reaching the point
for which she started, her errand of con-

solation having been occasioned chiefly by her wanting consolation herself, it may be, "My, how it blows!"
"Or thereabouts," answered Ann, snip-



AND ONE AND ANOTHER CAME TO ASSIST.

and storm had threatened him; what triumphs were his when he brought his white canvas into port! For Will was now the captain of the Man-o'-Mull, a man of mark and of authority in the village of the shore. But to Miss Rhody he had heen as much as this and more before the shore as much as this and more before the shore as much as this and more before the shore as much as this and more before the shore the shore as much as this and more before the shore the shore as much as this and more before the shore the shor ily, looking into the fire, "if one was high enough to see, the earth would be like Miss Brier's blue changeable silk, here a bit of blue sea, and there a bit of gray storm, and there a bit of green field, and there clear silver blue again, all sort o' changeable and shining, and you're here in the bit of gray storm, an' Will's out there in the sil-

ver blue."
"I should like to know the good of sech "I should like to know the good of sech notions! I'd a sight rather be thinking of the peeny muslins Will will fetch home."

"I should think 'twas a plenty if he brought himself home, if I was you, Ann."

"I declare, you're enough to make a person creep. What was that? Did you hear the door rattle? Oh, Rhody, what if them old songs an' stories is true! Sometimes, in the middle of the night I wake you in a the middle of the night, I wake up in a cold chill, the stories of the dead and drowned sailor comin' to the door."
"Yes, yes," sobbed Rhody, "I; oh, I remember!"

He'd a sailor's cap and a visage pale, As he died on board of the Nightingale.

As he died on board of the Nightingale.

And they locked their arms about each other, both crying together. And Rhody had to stay that night, to keep Ann's tremors company with her own, which, after all, was why she came over.

But when it was sunny, and only a soft seuthwest breeze sighing through the old garden, Rhody's heart was as light as the wings of the birds that had that old garden all their own way. It was a spacious place, long since run wild, here and there a bed of old-fashioned flowers or pot-herbs that Rhody gave the little care they needed, saving the bunches of sage and mint and balm and penysporal.

Rhody gave the little care they needed, saving the bunches of sage and mint and balm and pennyroyal, for she was already becoming the village nurse; and here at odd times she sat in the back porch at her sewing, the breath of the undying old roses and honeysuckles blowing about her, and all her soul as tranguil as the summer and honeysuckles blowing about her, and all her soul as tranquil as the summer seas where her fancy went out and hovered over Will plowing his ship along under full-flowing snowy sails.

Rhody's father had been the lawyer of the shore, but he had not been particularly obedient to law himself, that is, the law of healthy living, and he had early left her to buffet the world as she could, with nothing but the old house for her portion. It had long fallen into disrepair; but when

It had long fallen into disrepair; but when It had long fallen into disrepair; but when it leaked too seriously in one room, Rhody moved to another. It was said that Iry Hodge once paid court to her till he found in her complete unsuspiciousness of his wooing the negative of his desires. But he cherished no ill-will on account of that. On the contrary, with considerable circumlocution, he induced the other young men, once when Will was at home, to help him, and with Will and Humphrey Lavendar and Tom Brier and Joe Burns, he had the old roof shingled and the back porch rebuilt for Rhody. Poor Iry, of course, had small credit for it with Rhody. For though she thanked him very prettily, in her heart of hearts she was sure that it was Will who first thought of the kindness and put it into execution; and she was Will who first thought of the kind-ress and put it into execution; and she was the happier thinking of the nobility and generosity of his nature thus mani-fested than she was in the repairs them-selves. And as she sat in the porch now, this poor, silly Miss Rhody, she had an un-spection sense that it was Will's protection spoken sense that it was Will's protection surrounding her, and she dropped her needle and leaned back and dreamed so long that the low-flying birds regarded her no more than if she were the silver aspen which had sprung up wild in one of the old

which had sprung up wild in one of the old paths.

By some virtue of her temperament there was hardly any trail of selfishness in Rhody's dreams. Now she was building a bark of which Will was to go master; or now she was collecting bright strips to make the carpet for Ann's new parlor; or, best of all, she was having Will's portrait painted and hung up in a big gold frame in the same splendid room, for all Ann's belongings partook of the character with which Will had been invested. And dream as she would. Rhody could do Ann no wrong, for in reality the being of her thoughts differed from the rude sailor that followed the sea and drank his jorum of grog and swore his round oath on occasion, as a piece of sculptured marble differs from a lump of soil; except for a bit of flashing color, a big stature, and a name, they had nothing in common.

So when in good time Ann and My will be a sea a way were

So when, in good time, Ann and Will So when, in good time, Ann and Will Mather were married and went off together on the next voyage, if there were any tinge of melancholy in Rhody's thoughts, it was only that sweet, poetic melancholy which is almost a pleasure in itself. And she welcomed them back joyfully, and gave them a little tea party, to which Iry Hodge refused to come, and at which she served

proof, would burst into passionate crying and run and hide her face in Miss Rhody's throat and kiss and kiss her, and Miss Rhody would feel her heart overflow on Polly and on all the rest on account of Polly's tears and kisses. For all the children on the shore were Miss Rhody's. I don't know what she would have done if there had been a Mather child, but fortunately for the other children there never was one.

It was through the love of the children that sometimes great spiritual renewal and joy came to Miss Rhody. If she had her superstitions, you must pardon her; for if she thought she saw the soul of little Mary Burns hovering in a thin mist over the body it had just left, you need not believe it; but it comforted both herself and Mary's mother. And as the breathing of old Mr. Brier ceased to lift his weary breast and only moved his nerveless lips and fluttered and fluttered there till it ceased, if Miss Rhody saw a great white butterfly poised in flight above that faltering lip, so far as she was concerned she really did see a white butterfly, and it meant whole gospels to her. She had never let the children chase the white butterflies since she had heard Will Mather relate some legend of the east. "They are little Chinese ghosts, the white butterflies," she said to the children. "They are flying round the world to find a way out of it. We must not hinder them." It was through the love of the children

not hinder them."

Miss Rhody was with Sally Lavendar the night that little Polly died. The child had been in a delirium, and Sally had sat on one side of the bed holding her; Miss Rhody on the other. Humphrey was pacing up and describe. ing up and down the big outer kitchen, like a wild animal in a cage, and Polly having



Sunday Mornings Before Meeting. dropped into a momentary sleep, Sally had

dropped into a momentary sleep, Sally had just gone to him. It was just before dawn, and a great star, like a shining tear, hung on the sky. Suddenly the child awoke, apparently sil herself. "Oh, it is dark, it is dark. I am afraid!" she eried presently. "Take my hand! Somebody! Lead me!"

"It's all right, Polly, darling. I'm here," cried Miss Rhody. "You're only dreaming, dear. Don't you see the lamp? Here's my hand." And then Sally came running back. She turned up the light, but it flickered and went out. She threw herself on the bed again, and took Polly's head on her breast. "Why," said Polly, "It isn't dark at all now. You brought the light in with you, ma. Did you bring the people, too? See them, see them! The pretty girl with the sweetbrier—the children's faces! Oh, they are like the blossoms in the apple tree, so many of them, so many of them! They are going to take me with them—yes, I'm coming!" And as the breath left her lips with the words, Miss Rhody declared she saw as plainly as she ever saw anything in her life that girl with the sweetbrier, in one light lovely as youth and loy, in another with the look of age that Sally's little grandmother had—saw, too, that cloud of cherub faces, a wall of them, like roses thick upon a golden trellis, before Sally's desplate wall brought her back to pain and grief and her consoling work again. For Sally believed that Rhody saw it all, and grieved that she was not good enough to see it herself. She was bereft; but looking at Humphrey she did not grieve for Polly.

Ann did not always go to sea with her Ann did not always go to sea with her

her quince preserves, that had candled through long kessiag, in the old Lower-francier for a sum sufficient to let her have that portrait painted-the portraits he had so long felt the world would be poorer low of an uncertain talent, stayed with her during the progress of the work, and one and another came to assist with great and the sitter, but, on the whole, not with unkindness. She could never quite understand the sitter, but, on the whole, not with unkindness. She could never quite understand the sitter, but, on the whole, not with unkindness. She could never quite understand the sitter, but, on the whole, not with unkindness. She could never quite understand the sitter, but, on the whole, not with unkindness. She could never quite understand why iry Hodge alone looked with the cycle of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that "Weather did did, as you may say—coarsen the color of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the worth of a late of the eyes, and saying that weather the world was right and the late of the eyes, and saying that weather the world was right and the late of the eyes, and the late of the eyes, and the was a late of the ey she sat at home sewing in her parlor, Will was always returning, after multitudinous deep-sea adventures; she saw him hurrying up the road and entering to Ann, big and bronzed and full of glad expectation, and, although she varied the dream a thousand ways, it was always the same dream—Will Mather coming home.

You may judge, then, of her dismay when she heard that the banns were published for Ann Mather and Iry Hodge; for somehow Ann had not been able to bring hersell how Ann had not been able to bring herself to break the news to Rhody. She hurried over; as you may suppose. "Ann?" she cried. And then she softened the reproach. "Ann, dear, what does it mean? Do you know what they are saying about you? Really, you must not let Iry in so much. It is making no end of talk. They saypeople say—Oh, I know 'they say' is a liar! But they do say—that—you are going to marry Iry!"

"And so I am," said Ann. But she looked out of the window.

Rhody sat frozen to stone. She could not move her lips at first. And when she could, it was only to whisper "You are Will Mather's wife." "Oh, you be still. Rhody," said Ahn, biting off the thread with which she was running up the breadths of a fine wedding garment and showing all her hand-

some teeth.
"Why, I can't be still," whispered Rhody, who for the life of her could not move. "What will Will say?'
"Nothing, I guess."
"But if he should come back, Ann," gath-

ering strength.
"What a simpleton you are, Rhody,
"What a simpleton you are, Rhody,
"What a simpleton you are, Rhody, paid and all. You're a perfect death's head at the feast. An' look here, I won't have you talking so to me. And Iry wouldn't like it all—"

"Oh, Iry!" with infinite contempt.
"Yes, Iry. I always liked Iry. An' he's
the lawyer of this village, an' 'tisn't every
one marries the lawyer. And every one
respects him."

"lry's well enough. I ain't nothin' to say against Iry. I've allus liked him, too. But Iry ain't no business here." "He ain't comin' here. I'm goin' to his

"Ann! Well-I do' no' how you can stan that long-winded talk o' his'n."

"Rhody, if you wasn't my oldest frien'—"

"I'm more'n your frien'. I'm your blood relation. I've a right to speak, an' you've a right to think shame of yourself. And

to think what if Will-"
"The Man-o'-Mull hesn't ben heard from for more'n seven years. And I'm quite within the law. Iry says so."
"But there was Robinson Crusoe—"
"Oh, Rhody, you'll be the death of me yet; I believe you're as crazy as Humphrey Lavendar. I guess one Robinson Crusoe'll do. An' now you've spoke out and done your duty, your conscience's clear, an' so is mine. I was a good wife to Cap'n Mather, and I shall be a good wife to Law Hudge."

wife to Iry Hodge."
"Then," murmured Rhody, the tears
pouring over her face and her thin, purple-veined hands, with which she tried to
hide them, "the day you merry Iry—Oh,
my! I don't know how you can—I should wife to Iry Hodge." think you would be... You needn't ask me to come to the weddin'...I shan't counte-nance it. But you will send me over Will's picture, then, won't you? You won't want it for a reminder. And I'd better take care

"I don't know," said Ann, glancing up at the dark and dashing likeness. "It looks good on the wall. "I've kep' the frame real bright. There ain't nothin' mean about Iry; he wouldn't put Will out'n his place. But, there—you allus did set by it. An' you paid for it, anyway. set by it. An' you paid for it, anyway. An'—" Perhaps some tender memory swept over Ann. "Yes," she went on, "I guess it belongs most to you. But—but Will belonged to me!" And then Ann began to cry and Rhody kissed her—she couldn't help it; it was Ann. And then she ran home as if a ghost pursued her. One day the picture came, and Rhody put it upstairs in the spare room. It was not for all the world to see. And she made a case for it as tenderly as ever Elaine wrought on that for Lancelot's shield, if it were not so beautiful—it was of crazy patchwork, a thing of silken shreds and patches. She made herself a black gown, too, in those days. She had always worn light colors about the sick, she said it was more cheerful for them; and rainy afternoons she had made, a point of putting on a bit of bright ribbon, or a flower, or a gay apron, or her topaz breastpin, as if some pleasant thing were expected. But she slipped into her black gown now, saying nothing to any one. If it had been cloth of gold and sewn with jewels it would have been less precious, for to her it was the symbol of something she was would have been less precious, for to he it was the symbol of something she was doing for Will. But, no one on all the shore, except perhaps Sally Lavendar, has an idea that Miss Rhody was wearing black.

Days and nights, away at her work, she felt that her house field something ascred now. To go home to it, to that picture, was to look forward to a joy. She seldom allowed herself to gaze at it. Sunday mornings sometimes, before meeting mornings sometimes, before meeting mornings sometimes, before the state of the selform of the selfor was to look forward to a joy. Sine sendom allowed herself to gand at it. Sunday mornings sometimes, before meeting—communion Sunday mornings she stole in and let the sun fall through the open shutter a moment, and looked at the bold, black eyes that followed hers, the hair like a mass of carved ebony, the ruddy cheek, the laughing mouth, and Will was then more alive to her than ever. When the great equinoxes blew she comforted herself again by the assurance that it gave a robust life. And summer Sunday nights she sat a little while before it, a moonbeam stanting over it and rafining it and giving it an air almost of unscality. And in those moments she felt a deep peace is her heart. Ans was the happy wife of Iry Hodge; but there was a life to come, and in that, who knew? To be sure, in that life they neither marry nor are given in marriage; but leve, service, companionship, those things must belong to all lives. Only, only-if Will Mather should come home again! She covered the portrait quickly lest that moonlighted face should figure rudely in the dreams of the night because of that foolish fear of hers.

PARIS AWHEEL

Tradesmen Now Ride Where Erst They Went Afoot.

MILLINER GIRLS AND BUTCHER BOYS

They Flit Along Carrying Their Bundles on Their Heads.

SOLDIERS ON BICYCLES

e of The Evening Star. PARIS, January 21, 1898. IF I'M NOT OUT ON my wheel today," said a Parisian, "it is only because pedaling does not warm the feet. The roads This is the way of the Paris winter. There is seldom a day in which outdoor exercise is not pleasant. When the rain falls steadily the mud may discourage

the fervent wheelmen, as cold feet may on the days when skating is in order. But days of either of these kinds are rare. So far there has been only a single day when the ponds in the Bois du Boulogne were frozen over, and the frequent wet days of the Paris winter amount to little more than intermittent drizzles with dry spells in be-

Wheeling for business is quite as much followed in January as in July. For pleasure it depends partly on the superior attractions of skating and partly on the whims of the wheelman or woman. It is quite like riding horseback in the Bois. The alleys between gray, leafless trees are never gayer with trim gowned ladies and correct cavaliers than now.

It is the use of the wheel for business purposes that is most interesting to the



The Butcher's Boy.

foreigner at present, because it is so differont from what he sees at home. It has taken on a wonderful development in Paris, to the advantage of every one concerned.

The holidays when butcher, baker and candlestick-maker are all at their wits' ends in supplying the needs and change-able caprices of their customers, have brought out any number of examples.

How the Florist's Man Rides.

The first is the florist's man. Every fetcher and carrier in France, when his burden will allow it, bears his freight on his hatless head. This leaves him free to put his hands in his pocket, to whistle as he goes, for want of thought, to look at the windows of the shops and linger in every

Until the end of the second empire, not 30 years ago the workingwomen of Paris were always bareheaded, as they often are even now. This may have given to the race the heads of hair which justify the race the heads of hair which justify the top-heavy, beribboned, feathered and flow-ered hats which the Parisienne is so apt to wear as a crown of the great mass of hair which she wears bushed up, back and front, in massive coils. But the French-woman is growing fashionable, even among the poor; and they cover their heads with cheap hats, to which their tasteful fingers give chic and grace with a few cheap ribbons and flowers. The men still cling to their comfort, and

the first act of the florist's man, before he



Carries Messages of Love and War.

ets out with his basket of gifts which he has to deliver, is to put on his head the round, stuffed ring which will balance his basket in its place. Then he mounts his wheel, the basket is lifted on to his head—

dens, a yard and more long. They are put lengthwise, for fear of collisions with projecting wagon tops in the crowded streets. With what address the man spins along the Champs Elysees, in and out of the long line of equipages going to or returning from the Bois!

from the Bois!

I have never seen an accident—but I have seen the rider with his hands in his pockets to keep them warm on the fresh wintry days, while his head bore his burden and his feet guided his motion on the wheel, which has come as a blessing to men of his



him is not rare at this season, when the recognised mode of responding to hospitali-ty during the year for a single man—and Paris is the city of old bachelors—is to send flawers to the various hosterses.

many such messengers in perfect trim. All the messages of the ordinary barrack life —from the love notes of the officers to the less serious business of mess and official errands—are carried back and forth by the soldiers of the bicycle service. They wear the cape or tunic of their special line of service when it is cold, or go off in their every-day uniform.

service when it is cold, or go out in their every-day uniform.

The puzzie of the stranger to identify the different uniforms is a perpetual pleasure to the curious in military affairs.



Florist Delivers His Goods Awheel.

When the sword is a part of the make-up, as is the case of certain branches of the guards, it is not dispensed with for so simple a reason as its inconvenience on the wheel. It is the business of the soldier to solve the problem.

Theirs not to reason why, Theirs but to do and die!

Dangerous to Hearts.

Those who die on the wheel in Paris are chiefly done to death by the coachmen, who seem to have sworn to exterminate bicycles, although, so far, they fear the automobiles. Owing to the frequent accidents, an attempt has been made to exclude cyclists from the more crowded streets of the city. It is not likely to prove successful, for France is a democracy, and every male Frenchman is a soldier, and the soldier is a cyclist—which was to be demonstrated.

Son every Frenchwoman will also mount her wheel and away—and not for pleasure only. Pleasure trips on the bicycle have already destroyed the old-time amusement of canoeing in rivef resorts near the city.

In the last few months a sight has been appropriate the city of the control of the city. seen along the Paris streets which presages death to another Parisian institution. This is the "trottin"—the milliner's and dressmaker's girl, who "trots" along the street with her white pasteboard box, containing the goods which she is charged with delivering to the customer.

as always been the delight of the

She has always been the delight of the music halls, in whose songs, a la Yvette Guilbert, she was supposed to be followed by the "vieux monsieur," as who should say by the bald head of the first row before the ballet.

The naughty old chap will now have to learn the wheel, with danger from gout and varicose and all the other ailments of his age. For the shop girl has been seen in the land, with her box safely tied on her back, her bloomers well astride the saddle, and her taunting feet gayly pedaling away in the Paris winter to the fine ladies who would fain claim all the admiration of men, young and old.

STERLING HEILIG.

ART AND ARTISTS.

The striking study head that Mr. Howard Helmick has recently finished of Mr. William Saunders is full of character and expression and is painted in a direct, simple way in which every stroke of the brush tells. The face is seen in profile, and a strong effect of light and shade accentuates the strongly marked features. In color it is notably good, and the same is true of a small full-length portrait of Mrs. Catlin. though this canvas is painted with a very different palette. The flesh tints are especially interesting in this likeness, as the artist has set down those subtle and deli-cate shades which many painters ignore, but which are essential in giving the bloom of youth and health. The figure is placed almost in the center of the canvas, and the erect pose gives a certain formal severity

On her return from New York Miss Aline Solomons resumed work in her studio, and a number of partly finished studies testify to her industry. Her study of a woman with a heavy mass of jet black hair promises most successful results, but visitors to the studio may look with more favor upon the small study head that she is now working upon. It is a likeness of Miss Irma
Peixotto, the skiliful modeling and subdued charm of color of which make it one
of the most completely satisfying pastels
that has come from Miss Solomous' hand.

Among the works of art belonging to private collections in Washington the tapestries owned by Mr. Charles M. Ffoulke easily take a foremost place, as well on account of their historic and artistic value as by reason of the unique character of the col-lection. Mr. Ffoulke has made a special study of old tapestries and has gained posession of many valuable specimens, those illustrating the story of Eneas and Dido being among the most notable. This series, which occupies nearly all the wall space in Mr. Ffoulke's large tapestry gallery, came into his hands through the Barberini family in whose possessing the barberini family in which can be a series, and the barberini family in whose possessing the barberini family in the b came into his hands through the Barberini family, in whose possession it had been for two centuries and a half. They were woven in the looms established in the Barberini palace, the cartoons having been painted by Romanellus and interpreted by Wauters, a master weaver of Flemish ancestry. In composition they are masterly, and the dignity of conception and skill in execution show that artist and weaver united their best efforts in this chef d'oeuvre. Through the limitations of the weaver's art the most subtle effects of color and light and shade are, as a rule, impossible, and the beauty are, as a rule, impossible, and the beauty of a tapestry must lie largely in the arrangement, the strength and simplicity of drawing, the richness and harmony of color and the lifelikeness and spirit with which the scene is reproduced.

Mr. Paul Putzki is busy preparing for his exhibition of ceramics, and his studio is filled with the new specimens which he will display next week at Veerhoff's. Coming into his atelier on a raw January day, the room seems truly a-bloom with the fragrant blossoms of summer. Roses smile from their china prison, aristocratic orchids nod their stately heads, and tempting fruit may also be seen, though the artist shows his skill more often in flowers. He has quite appropriately decorated a large tankard and punch bowl with grapes hang-ing in heavy purple clusters, and on these two pieces the delicate drawing of the vines, with their curling tendrils, is worthy of note. On one set of dishes he has painted different kinds of berries with great truth, and there is equally artistic work in a fish set, ornamented with lobsters, crabs, fishes, sea weed and sea shells, with touches of opalescent coloring.

It is not often that one sees a finer Dau-bigny than the large landscape now at Fischer's, The rich but quiet harmony of celor is superb, and there is a rare lumi-nous quality in the sunset sky against which the houses in the middle distance are strongly silhouetted. The dark clouds, this season in every apartment in Paris.

With him it has led to a change in the costume which he still wears when on foot.

That is a long white apron with a bib, tied

over vest and shirt sleeves, with the long steel of his trade at his side. Steel and apron would be considerably in his way on the wheel, and so he has discarded them for a white belted-in blouse like the florist; and like him he has added to his bare head the necessary cushion on which to repose his truffled turkeys and chickens.

The soldier on the bicycle is as common a sight in the Paris of today as the soldier on foot, or nearly so. There are 25,000 men in the permanent garrison of Paris, and each regiment has its bicycle corps. At the maneuvers they wheel in solid bodies, dissolving squares, and the rest—which is pretty and shows how well they are trained, but is of doubtful utility in war.

But the wheeling of soldiers separately through the streets of Paris must be useful for the time when there will be need of many such messengers in perfect trim. All the messages of the ordinary barrack life—from the love notes of the officers to the

Mr. W. H. Coffin has given up his studio here and will leave in a few days for Chicago, where several commissions await him. He expects to stay there about two months, and he will then return to Washington for a short stay before going abroad to continue his studies. While in Virginia he painted several portraits, and succeeded in catching a characteristic pose for each subject. His poses are almost always natural and unaffected, as he simply chooses some attitude that he finds by obchooses some attitude that he finds by observation to be most characteristic of the sitter. The large full-length portrait that he has been painting of Mrs. Washington McLean is the most seriously studied canvas that he has yet done, and the handsome accessories in the painting render it more than usually interesting from the pictorial standpoint. The high-backed tapestry-covered Maximilian chair in which Mrs. McLean is seated makes a taking bit of detail in the composition. The figure is treated with simple dignity, and is painted with a skill that shows what the artist can do when at his best.

A collection of water colors by five or six different artists is now to be seen at Veerhoff's. Some of these have comparatively little interest, being subjects of a rather conventional sort treated with varying degrees of skill, but one or two of the ing degrees of skill, but one or two of the marines by Neil Mitchell lend attractive-ness to the collection, because of the nice effect of light on the water and good movement of the waves to be found in his work. He has given the reflection of the light upon the surface of the waves particularly well in one moonlight scene, though in this the surf has perhaps not been painted with the same skill.

In place of the usual Saturday evening sketch class at the Art League, the evening was given up last week to Mr. Moser, who talked to the students about his experiences in Germany, where he spent con-siderable time year before last. He also showed them a number of his German sketches, which were much enjoyed and appreciated by his audience.

The sketch exhibition at the new gallery of the Society of Washington Artists, 1027 Connecticut avenue, was to have closed today, but it is probable that it will be kept open another week, in order to give a still larger number an opportunity of viewing the collection. The attendance has been large in spite of bad weather, but there have been very few sales.

An art loan exhibition of much more

than ordinary interest and attractiveness is one projected for the benefit of the Home for Incurables in this city, to be held in the old Corcoran Gallery building, for a period of two weeks, in April next. Preliminary arrangements were made at a meeting recently held at the residence of Mr. Archibald Hopkins, and a permanent organization was effected by the election of Mrs. A. C. Barney, president; Miss Ernst, secretary, and Percy Morgan, treasurer. It is intended that the exhibit shall include high-class examples not only of the graphic and plastic arts, but also the best products attainable in the more attractive lines of industrial art. With these ends in view, standing committees on the several sections were appointed, as follows: Executive: Ralph Cross Johnson, Caideron Carlisle, Charles Poor, Jeffry Parsons, Carlisie, Charles 1997.
John E. Lodge and the officers ex officio.
Paintings, Statuary and Bronzes: F. B.
McGuire, Robert Hinckley, V. G. Fischer
Bridding and McGuire, Robert Hinckley, V. G. Fischer and Archibald Hopkins. Building and Hanging: F. S. Barbarin, Mrs. James Lowndes, Charles Poor, W. H. Veerhoff and Max Weyl. Decoration: J. C. Hornblower, James R. Marshall, Thomas Nelson Page, Mrs. E. F. Andrews and F. S. Barbarin. Laces and Fans: Mrs. Hobson, Mrs. Percy Morgan and Miss Williams. Textiles and Hangings: C. M. Pfoulke and J. B. Henderson, Miniatures: Mrs. James Textiles and Hangings: C. M. Pfoulke and J. B. Henderson. Miniatures: Mrs. James Lowndes, Mrs Edward O. Wolcott and Mr. Fischer. Entertainment: Mrs. Hopkins, Mrs. Boardman and Mrs. Arnold Hague. Contributions for the several departments will be sought not only from the best private collections in this city, but from other cities and artistic centers, and it is understood that enough favorable assurances to insure the success of the affair baye alinsure the success of the affair have al-ready been received, so that it may safely be looked forward to as one of the notable events of the year, considered from any point of view.

editor of that paper which of two paintings of "The Horse Fair" is the original picture, a correspondent of the Boston Transcript throws the following light on the subject: "Rosa Bonheur's great painting of 'The Horse Fair' is in the Metropolitan Museum in New York. It was bought for \$53,000 at the sale of the A. T. Stewart collection in New York in April, 1887, by Cornelius Vanderbilt, who afterward presented it to the museum, for which special destination it was, indeed, purchased. This is the original painting that made the artist famous, and is the one that is always thought and spoken of as her masterpiece. The size of the canvas is eight feet by sixteen feet eight inches. The eight feet by s'xteen feet eight inches. The representation of the same subject in London is very much smaller, being only three feet eleven inches by eight feet two and a half inches in size, and is a replica; that is, it was repeated by the artist from the large picture, on a reduced scale, mainly, it was understood, for the purpose of being represented by steel engravings lithography. understood, for the purpose of being represented by steel engravings, lithography, etc. Landseer engraved a steel plate on a large scale from it." To this it may be added that on the occasion of the Stewart sale above referred to the trustees of the Corcoran Gallery concluded to acquire the painting, and a member of the committee on works of art attended the sale with that object in view. The bidding was spirited between him and another gentleman, and the gallery representative carried the competition up to \$52,500, when it came to his knowledge that his opponent was authorized and instructed to obtain the canvas at any price, whereupon he withdrew from the any price, whereupon he withdrew from the contest, and the prize was knocked down to Mr. Vanderbilt's representative, as stated above, for \$53,000.

The question having been asked of the

From the Indianapolis Journal.

"Johnson wants to borrow some money or me. Do you know anything about him? "I know him as well as I do you. I wouldn't let him have a cent!"

